

LOST MAN'S PLANE.

A SECOND EPISODE
IN THE LIFE OF AMELIA BUTTERWORTH

BY ANNA KATHARINE GREEN

AUTHOR OF "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE,"
"BEHIND CLOSED DOORS," "THAT AFFAIR NEXT DOOR,"
ETC., ETC.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY ANNA K. ROMULUS.

CHAPTER XVII. THE FLOWER PARLOR.

The lower hall did not correspond exactly with the one above. It was larger, and through its connection with the front door presented the shape of a letter T—that is, to the superficial observer who was not acquainted with the size of the house and had not had the opportunity of remarking that at the extremities of the upper hall making this T were two imposing doors usually found shut except at mealtimes, when the left hand one was thrown open, disclosing a long and dismal corridor similar to the ones above. Half way down this corridor was the dining room, into which I had now been taken three times.

The right hand one, I had no doubt, led the way into the great drawing room or dancing hall which I had set out to see.

Proceeding first to the front of the house, where some glimmer of light penetrated from the open sitting room door, I looked the keys over and read what was written on the several tags attached to them. They were seven. The largest was marked "A." Two of lesser size had "Gray Parlor" and "Library" severally written on their tags, which, by the way, were dog-eared and discolored as if years had passed since they were written on and attached. "Blue Parlor" designated a fourth, and upon the others I saw some such words as these: "Flower Cabinet," "Shell Cabinet," "Dark Chamber"—all very suggestive and to an antiquarian like myself most alluring.

But it was upon the key marked "A" I first fixed my attention. This should open the large door at the extremity of the upper hall, and when I made a trial with it I found my conjecture correct, for it moved easily though somewhat gratingly in the lock, releasing the great doors, which in another moment swung inward with a growling sound from their rusty hinges that might have been startling to a nervous person filled with the legends of the place.

But in me the only emotion awakened was one of disgust at the nauseous character of the air which seemed to envelop me in an instant. Had I wished for any further proof than was afforded by the warning given me by the condition of the hinges that the foot of man had not lately invaded these precincts, I would have had it in the moldy atmosphere and smell of dust that greeted me on the threshold. Neither human breath nor a ray of outdoor sunshine seemed to have disturbed its gloomy quiet for years, and when I moved, as I presently did, to open one of the windows I could just dimly see in the distance, I felt some movement of something foul and noisome over the decaying rags of the carpet through which I was stumbling that I had to call into use the stronger elements of my character not to back out of a place so given over to rot and the creatures that infest it.

"What a spot," thought I, "for Amelia Butterworth to find herself in," and wondered if I could ever wear again the \$3 a yard silk dress in which I was then enveloped. Of my shoes I took no account. They were ruined, of course. I reached the window in safety, but could not open it; neither could I move the next. There were 16 in all, or so I afterward found, and not till I reached the last (you see, I am very persistent) did I succeed in loosening the bar that held its inner shutter in place. This done, I was able to lift the window, and for the first time in years perhaps let in a ray of light into this desolated apartment.

The result was disappointing. Moldy walls, worm eaten hangings, two very ancient and quaint fireplaces, met my eyes, and nothing more. The room was absolutely empty. For a few minutes I allowed my eyes to roam over the great rectangular space in which so much that was curious and interesting had once taken place, and then, with a vague sense of defeat, I turned my eye outward, anxious to see what view could be obtained from the window I had opened. To my astonishment, I saw before me a high wall with here and there a window in it, tightly barred and closed, till by a careful look about me I realized that I was looking upon the other wing of the building and that between these wings extended a court so narrow and long that it gave to the building the shape, as I have before said, of the letter U. A dreary prospect, reminding one of the view from a prison, but it had its point of interest, for in the court below me, the brick pavement of which was half obliterated by grass, I caught sight of William in an attitude so different from any I had hitherto seen him assume that I found it difficult to account for it till I saw the jaws of a dog protruding from under his arms, and then I realized he was hugging Saracen.

The dog was tied, but the comfort which William seemed to take in just this physical contact with his rough skin was something really to have seen. It made me quite thoughtful for a moment.

I detest dogs, and it gives me a creepy sensation to see them fondled, but sincerity of feeling appeals to me, and no one could watch William Knollys with his dogs without seeing that he really loved the brutes. Thus in one day I had witnessed the best and worst in this man. But wait! Had I seen the worst? I was not so sure that I had.

He had not noticed my peering, for which I was duly thankful, and after another fruitless survey of the windows in the wall before me I drew back and prepared to leave the place. This was by no means a pleasant undertaking. I could see now what I had only felt before, and to traverse that space amid beetles and spiders required a determination of no ordinary nature. I was glad when I reached the great doors and more than glad when they closed behind me. So much for room A, thought I.

The next most promising apartment was in the same corridor as the dining room. It was called the dark parlor. Entering it, I found it dark indeed, but not because of lack of light, but because its hangings were all of a dismal red and its furniture of the blackest ebony. As this mainly consisted of shelves and cabinets placed against three of its four walls, the effect was gloomy indeed and fully accounted for the name which the room had received. I lingered in it, however, longer than I had in the big drawing room, chiefly because the shelves contained books.

Had anything better offered I might not have continued my explorations, but not seeing exactly how I could pass away the time any better I chose out another key and began to search for the flower parlor. I found it beyond the dining room in the same hall as the dark parlor.

It was, as I might have expected from the name, the brightest and most cheerful spot I had yet found in the whole house. The air in it was even good, as if sunshine and breeze had not been entirely denied it, yet I had no sooner taken one look at its flower painted walls and pretty furniture than I felt an oppression I could not account for. Something was wrong about this room. I am not superstitious and I do not believe one particle in premonitions, but once seized by a conviction I have never known myself to be mistaken as to its import. Something was wrong about this room—what it was my business to find out.

Letting in more light, I took a closer survey of the objects I had, but dimly seen at first. They were many and somewhat contradictory in their character. The floor was bare—the first bare floor I had come upon—but the shades in the windows, the chintz covered lounges drawn up beside tables strewn with books and other objects of comfort if not luxury bespoke a place in common if not everyday use.

A faint smell of tobacco told whose use, and from the minute I recognized that this was William's sanctum my curiosity grew unbounded and I neglected nothing which would be likely to attract the keenest eyed detective in Mr. Gryce's force. And there were several things there to be noted: First, that this lumbering lot of a man read, but only on one topic—vivisection; secondly, that he was not a reader merely, for there were instruments in the cases heaped up on the tables about me, and in one corner—I felt a little sick, but I persevered in searching out the corners—a glass case with certain horrors in it which I took care to note, but which it is not necessary for me to describe. Another corner was blocked up by a closet which stood out in the room in a way to convince me it had been built in after the room was otherwise finished. As I crossed over to examine the door, which did not appear to me to be quite closed, I noticed on the floor at my feet a huge discoloration. This was the worst thing I had seen yet, and while I did not feel quite justified in giving it a name I could not but feel some regret for the worm eaten rags of the drawing room, which, after all, are more comfortable things to have underfoot than bare boards with such suggestive marks upon them as these.

The door to the closet was, as I had expected, slightly ajar, a fact for which I was profoundly grateful, for, set it down to breeding or a natural recognition of others' rights, I would have found it most difficult to turn the knob of a closet door inspection of which had not been offered me.

But finding it open I gave it just a little pull and found—Well, it was a surprise—much more than the sight of a skeleton would have been—that the whole interior was taken up by a small circular staircase such as you find in public libraries where the books are piled up in tiers. It stretched from the floor where I stood to the ceiling, and dark as it was I thought I detected the outlines of a trapdoor by means of which communication was established with the room above. Anxious to be convinced of this, I asked what a detective would do in my place. The answer came readily enough. "Mount the stairs and feel for yourself whether there is a lock there." But my delicacy—or shall I acknowledge it for once?—an instinct of timidity seemed to restrain me, till a remembrance of Mr. Gryce's sarcastic look which I had seen honoring lesser occasions than these came to nerve me, and I put foot on the stairs which had last been trod—by whom shall I say? William? Let us hope by William, and William only.

Being tall, I had to mount but a few steps before reaching the ceiling. Pausing for breath, for the air was close and the stairs steep, I reached up and felt for the hinge or clasp I had every reason to expect to encounter. I found the latter almost at once, and, satisfied now that nothing but a board separated me

from the room above, I tried that board with my finger and was astonished to feel it yield. As this was a discovery wholly unexpected I drew back and asked myself if it would be wise to pursue it to the point of raising this door, and had hardly settled the question with myself when the sound of a voice raised in a soothing murmur revealed the fact that the room above was not empty and that I would be committing the greatest indiscretion in thus tampering with a means of entrance possibly under the very eye of the person speaking.

If the voice I had heard had been all that had come to my ears, I might have ventured after a moment of hesitation to have the displeasure of Miss Knollys by a venture which would have at once satisfied me as to the correctness of the suspicions which were congealing in my very blood as I stood there, but another voice—the heavy and threatening voice of William—had broken into this murmur, and I knew that if I so much as awakened in him the least suspicion of my whereabouts I would have to dread an anger that might not know where to stop.

I therefore rested from further efforts in this direction, and fearing he might bethink him of some errand which would bring him to the trapdoor himself I began a retreat which I only made slow from my desire not to make any noise. I succeeded as well as if my feet had been shod in velvet and my dress had been made of wool instead of a rustling silk, and when once again I found myself planted in the center of the flower parlor, the closet door closed and no evidence left apparent of where I had been or what I had heard, I drew a deep breath of relief that was but a symbol of my devout thankfulness.

I did not mean to remain much longer in this spot of evil suggestions, but spying the corner of a book which I had

"He need never know that I have been the victim of such a mistake," said I. "My foot leave no trail, and as I use no perfumes he will never suspect that I have enjoyed a glimpse of those old fashioned walls and ancient cabinets."

"The blinds are a little open," she remarked, her eyes searching my face for some sign that I am sure she did not find there. "Were they so when you came in?"

"Some, but not so much as now. Shall I put them as I found them?"

"No. He will not notice." And she hurried me out, still eying me breathlessly as if she half distrusted my composure.

"Come, Amelia," I now whispered in self admonition, "the time for exertion has come. Show this young woman, who is not much behind you in self control, some of the lighter phases of your character. Charm her, Amelia, charm her, or you may live to rue this invasion into their secrets more than you may like to acknowledge at the present moment."

A task of some difficulty, but I rejoice in difficult tasks, and before another half hour had passed I had the satisfaction of seeing Miss Knollys entirely restored to that state of placid melancholy which was the natural expression of her calm but unhappy nature.

We visited the shell cabinet, the blue parlor and another room the peculiarities of which I have forgotten. Frightened by the result of leaving me to my own devices, she did not quit me for an instant, and when, my curiosity quite satisfied, I hinted that a short nap in my own room would rest me for the evening she proceeded with me to the very door of my apartment.

"The locksmith whom I saw this morning has not kept his word," I remarked as she was turning away.



"THIS IS WILLIAM'S DEN."

not yet seen protruding from under a cushion of one of the lounges I had a curiosity to see if it were similar to the rest, and quickly drawing it out I took one look at it.

I need not tell what it was, but after a hasty glance here and there through its pages I put it back, shuddering. If any doubt remained in my breast that William was one of those monsters who feed their morbid cravings by experiments upon the weak and defenseless, it had been dispelled by what I had just seen in this book.

I did not leave the room, however, immediately. As it was of the greatest importance that I should be able to locate in which of the many apartments on the floor above the supposed prisoner was lodged I cast about me for the means of doing this through the location of the room in which I then was. As this could only be done by affixing some token to the window which could be recognized from without I thought, first, of thrusting the end of my handkerchief through one of the slats of the outside blinds; secondly, of simply leaving one of these blinds ajar, and finally of chipping off a piece with the penknife I always carry, with innumerable other small things, in the bag I invariably carry at my side. (Fashion, I hold, counts for nothing against convenience.)

This last seemed by much the best device. A handkerchief could be discovered and pulled out, a blind could be shut, but a sliver once separated from the wood nothing could replace it or even cover it up without itself attracting attention.

Taking out my knife, I glanced at the door leading into the hall, found it still shut and everything quiet behind it. Then I took a look into the shrubs and bushes of the yard outside, and, observing nothing to disturb me, snipped off a bit from one of the outside edges of the slats and then carefully reclosed the blinds and the window.

I was crossing the threshold when I heard a rapid footstep in the hallway. Miss Knollys was hastening down the hall to my side.

"Oh, Miss Butterworth," she exclaimed, with one quick look into the room I was leaving, "this is William's den, the one spot he never allows any of us to enter. I don't know how the key came to be upon the string. It never was before, and I am afraid he never will forgive me."

"None of the tradesmen here no that," was her cold answer. "I have given up expecting having any attention paid to my wants."

"Humph," thought I. "Another pleasant admission. Amelia Butterworth, this has not been a cheerful day."

(To be Continued Next Week.)

Boils.

A boil is due to the action of a microbe called a pus coccus. This is almost always present in the skin, but does no harm while the system can combat the necessary conditions of its growth and multiplication.

Sufferers from boils are usually in poor health. They are pale, pasty looking, emaciated, with a poor appetite and bad digestion. People say their blood is too thin. Others, however, may be in apparently perfect health, yet hardly is one boil over before another comes. Of these persons it is said that their blood is too rich.

Both these popular terms are nearly expressive of the true condition. In the first case the tissues are not well nourished and so cannot resist the microbe. In the second case the tissues are nourished, but are poisoned by excess of waste material in the blood, caused by the taking of more food than the body can properly dispose of.—Youth's Companion.

Decline and Fall of Corn Bread.

It seems to us that our own people are not the great corn bread eaters they used to be. Batter or egg and certain cakes are still in vogue, but the honest and homely corn pone, the corn dodger and the hockee are not as popular as they used to be. As for the ash cake, the cooking of it has become a lost art almost.

We charge this change, in part at least, to the introduction, even in most country homes, of the modern cooking stove and range. It takes a great big open fireplace and a southern negress, with a red bandanna on her head, to make prime corn bread. Nor will any meal but water ground meal serve the best purpose. Steam power meal is tabooed.—Richmond Dispatch.

The flesh of young giraffe, especially that of a young cow, is extremely good, somewhat like veal, with a gamelike flavor. The tongue, from 15 to 20 inches long, is also very good. But the marrow bones afford the greatest luxury to the South African hunter.

DR. GATLING'S NEW WORK.

Noted Inventor Will Labor at the Perfection of Farming Machinery.

Dr. Richard J. Gatling, the inventor of the machine gun which bears his name, has returned to New York after an extended trip through the west and southwest. The inventor has after years of work upon death dealing instruments suddenly turned from weapons of warfare to peaceful farming machinery. At the age of 81 he is still agile and active. "Feelings of humanity," he said the other day in the course of a general conversation with a New



DR. RICHARD J. GATLING.

York Tribune reporter, "led me to invent my gun. During the civil war I saw so many men dying from exposure and want that it struck me that a gun which could do the work of 50 men would save 49 lives. By that I mean a gun that would be so much more effective than men that it would not be necessary to send so many men to the front. Of course my theory proved all wrong, the only result being to increase the possibilities of annihilating the enemy's army in a shorter time. I have no desire to leave behind me a reputation as a maker of guns. I want to leave some evidence of my handiwork in the field of peace, and so I am going back to first work—that is, the perfection of farming machinery. Before I ever took up the manufacture of guns I invented a wheat drill, and now I intend to work for the greatest class in American life, and that is the farmer."

HOME OF GRASSHOPPERS.

An Expert Trying to Find the Insects' Breeding Grounds.

At the request of State Entomologist Luger and several other Minnesota men the secretary of agriculture has been asked to send to the Turtle mountains, lying on the boundary line of North Dakota and the province of Manitoba, some expert in grasshopper affairs to decide whether or not that district is a permanent breeding place for the migratory locust.

It was thought best to ask the general government for such an exploration, because the mountains are on the boundary line, says the Minneapolis Journal. Of course it is very important to know whether these dangerous and destructive insects have really a home there or not. If they have, they are always of a threatening character and means should be taken to stamp them out if possible. If this could not be done, it would be very important that the government should have an agent in that region who could report from time to time about the actual conditions prevailing there and who would, if the locusts should be very numerous, give timely warning to farmers of North Dakota, Minnesota and Manitoba.

As far as Minnesota is concerned, it has been found by experience that all the grasshoppers come from the northwest, or, as it seems to be indicated in the reports, from the Turtle mountains. The department of agriculture has promptly responded to the recent request and has sent Professor Hunter, a grasshopper expert, to explore the mountains. Professor Hunter arrived in Minneapolis recently and after a consultation with State Entomologist Luger at St. Anthony park continued on his way to Winnipeg, where he will meet the Manitoba officials and if possible go with them to the regions in question.

The New York Times tells of a Wall street bear who cleared up \$4,000,000 by the recent slump in the stock market. These look like pretty big figures for a fortnight's work, but they deal in large figures in Wall street.

A hacking cough
is a dangerous
cough.

Ayer's
Cherry Pectoral

has been curing
hacking coughs
for 60 years.



Out in Kansas

lives a happy wife. She writes: "I have used **Mother's Friend** before two confinements. The last time I had twins, and was in labor only a few minutes. Suffered very little." The reason why

Mother's Friend

does expectant mothers so much good is because it is an external liniment, to be applied upon the outside, where much of the strain comes. It helps because the pores of the skin readily absorb it, and it comes into direct contact with and is absorbed by the parts involved. Morning sickness is quickly banished, and nervousness is kept completely away. The sense of dread and foreboding is not experienced, even during labor itself. Confinement is short and almost without pain. Recovery is quick and sure. Best of all, **Mother's Friend** benefits the unborn just as much as the expectant mother, and when the little one comes it will be strong, lusty and healthy.

Druggists sell **Mother's Friend** for \$1 a bottle. Send for our free book on the subject, finely illustrated.

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.
ATLANTA, GA.

Frazer Axle Grease

DEMAND THE OLD RELIABLE
FRAZER
AXLE GREASE
SOLD EVERYWHERE
WILL WEAR TWICE AS LONG
AS ANY OTHER
TRY IT!
Not affected by Heat or Cold.
(Highest Awards at Centennial,
Paris and World's Fair.)
Manufactured by
FRAZER LUBRICATOR CO.,
Factories: Chicago, St. Louis, New York.

TREES AND PLANTS! A full line
of Best Varieties at Hard Times Prices. Small
fruit in large supply. Millions of Strawberry
plants, very thrifty and well rooted. Get the
best near home and save freight or express.
Send for price list to
North Bend Nurseries,
North Bend, Edge County, Neb.



Free Reclining Chair Cars on all Trains
QUICK SERVICE.
CLOSE CONNECTIONS.

TWO DAILY FAST TRAINS EACH WAY
BETWEEN

...OMAHA...

AND

Atchison, Kansas City

and St. Louis,

With direct connections to all Southern and Eastern points.

Unexcelled time and accommodations
to the

Famous Hot Springs of Arkansas.

BE SURE TO SECURE TICKETS VIA
THIS LINE.

For more complete information, descriptive
pamphlets, etc., address
J. O. PHILLIPPI, W. C. BARNES,
A. G. F. and P. A., T. P. A.
Southern Cor. 14th and Douglas Sts.
OMAHA, NEBRASKA

